

Dear mouse friends,
Welcome to the world of



Geronimo Stilton



[illegible]



Geronimo Stilton
A learned and brainy
mouse; editor of
The Rodent's Gazette



Thea Stilton
Geronimo's sister and
special correspondent at
The Rodent's Gazette



Trap Stilton
An awful joker;
Geronimo's cousin and
owner of the store
Cheap Junk for Less



Benjamin Stilton
A sweet and loving
nine-year-old mouse;
Geronimo's favorite
nephew

Geronimo Stilton

GERONIMO ON ICE!



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A CITY AS BEAUTIFUL AS A FAIRY TALE!

It was a brisk **winter** afternoon in New Mouse City. Freshly fallen snow decorated the trees and buildings, **SPARKLING** in the sunlight. The streets **twinkled** with **HOLIDAY** lights, making my city look as beautiful as a **fairy tale**!

Oh, I forgot to introduce myself! My name is Stilton, *Geronimo Stilton*, and I run *The Rodent's Gazette*, the most famous **NEWSPAPER** on Mouse Island!

The snow is beautiful!





The *ice skating rink* in New Mouse City was *frozen* solid, so my nephew Benjamin and my niece Trappy asked me to take them. I agreed, of course, but I made sure to **bundle up** against the cold. This is what I wore:

- a heavy jacket . . .
- a wool shirt and a fleece shirt . . .
- wool long johns . . .
- thermal tights . . .
- a pair of super-insulated pants . . .
- four pairs of socks . . .
- four pairs of gloves . . .
- a knitted cover for my tail . . .
- a wool beanie . . .
- a cheddar-yellow scarf . . .
- a pair of very warm snow boots . . .
- earmuffs made of fake fur . . .

I had so much **CLOTHING** on that I couldn't



CHEDDAR-YELLOW SCARF



THERMAL TIGHTS



FLEECE SHIRT



HEAVY JACKET



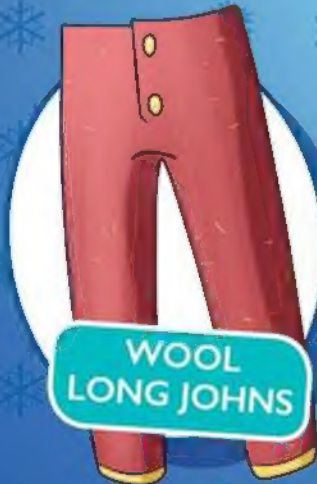
WOOL BEANIE



WOOL SHIRT



SUPER-INSULATED PANTS



WOOL LONG JOHNS



SNOW BOOTS



FOUR PAIRS OF SOCKS



KNITTED TAIL COVER



FOUR PAIRS OF GLOVES

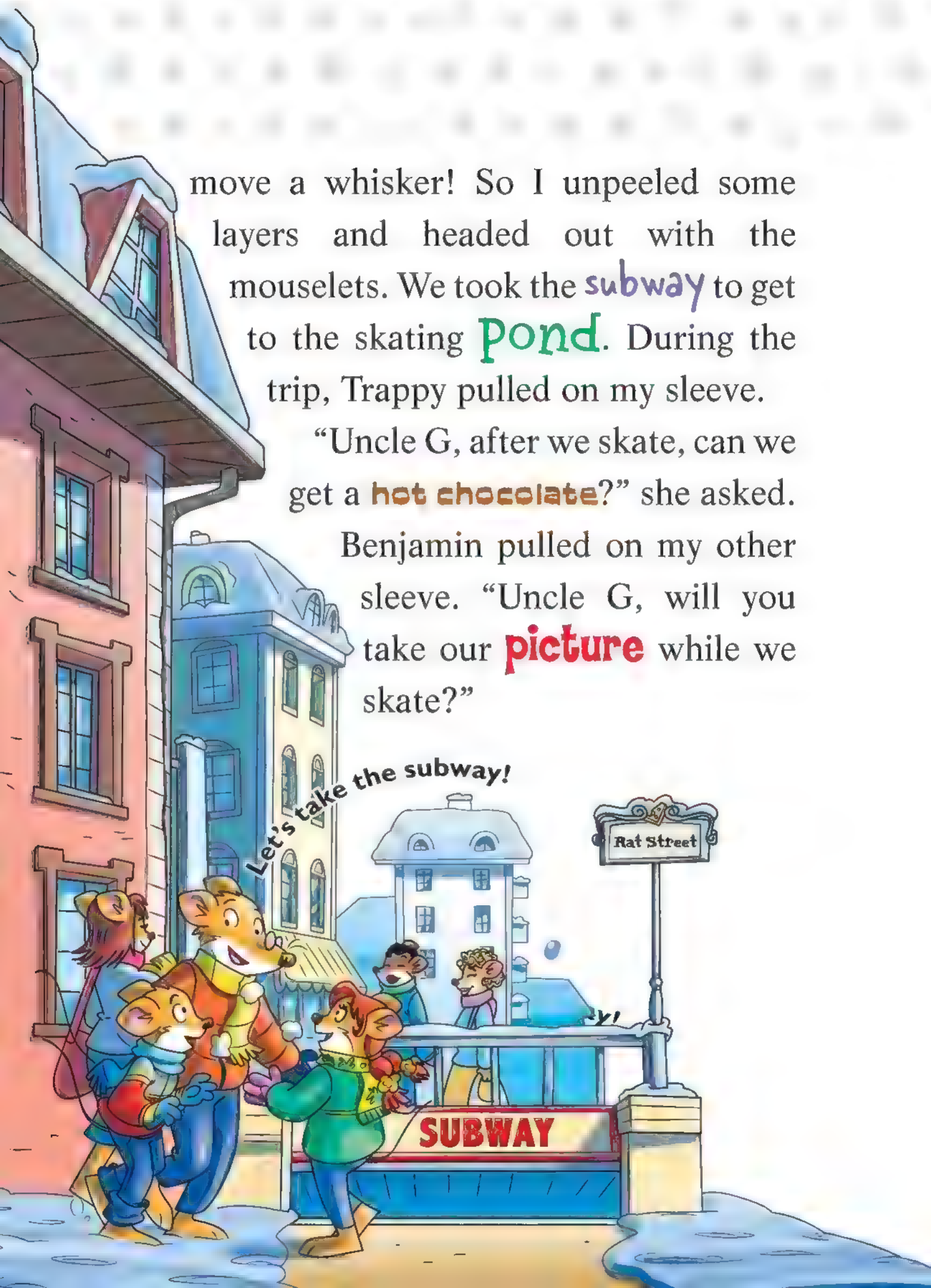


EARMUFFS

move a whisker! So I unpeeled some layers and headed out with the mouselets. We took the **subway** to get to the skating **pond**. During the trip, Trappy pulled on my sleeve.

“Uncle G, after we skate, can we get a **hot chocolate**?” she asked.

Benjamin pulled on my other sleeve. “Uncle G, will you take our **picture** while we skate?”



We left the subway station and entered the enormous city park. As we approached the **Skating Pond**, we saw a building with a sign that read, Ice Skate Rentals.

I rented skates for Benjamin and Trappy. "Have fun skating," said the rodent at the counter. "Now that the **Mouse Island Ice Skating Championships** are





ICE SKATE RENTALS

Here you go!

Thank you!

I can't wait!



Careful!

Whoops!

Good job!

I've got you!



coming up, everyone is excited about the sport!” he said.

We walked over to the pond. Mice were having fun all over the park. Some were sledding down a snowy hill. Others were building a **snowmouse**. And a group of mice were singing **Christmas** carols.

Trappy sat down on a bench and put on her skates.

“Benjamin, bet I can skate faster than you!” she squeaked.

“Maybe, but I can **spin** better!” he replied.





Then the two of them skated onto the ice, yelling, “Look at us, Uncle G!”

“I’m watching you!” I called out, waving. “You are really good!”

“Maybe someday I’ll be as great as Lobelia Tutu,” Trappy said. “She’s going to **win** the championships!”

Benjamin skated past her. “No, I think the mysterious Masked Skaters will win!” he said.

I realized that I didn’t know much about the **Mouse Island Ice Skating Championships**, so I picked up a copy of *The Rodent’s Gazette* and turned to the sports section.

Then my cell phone rang: **Ring riiiiing riiiiiiinnng!**

It was Creepella von Cacklefur, my friend who has a bit of a crush on me. “Hello,

The Secret of the Silver Skates

The Prestigious Prize!

It is time for the Mouse Island Ice Skating Championships! This year, there is a lot of excitement surrounding the couples category because the winners will receive a unique prize: the Silver Skates!

These antique skates are legendary in the world of ice skating. They belonged to the famous skater Olga Goudanov, and were given to her by the Czar Mousoloff, the ruler of Mousekow. Legend says that the



Olga Goudanov's famous Silver Skates were discovered in an attic and turned over to the Mouse Island Skating Commission.

skates contain the clues to where a royal treasure is hidden!

There are five pairs of skaters competing in the couples round: Lobelia Tutu and Shane Shivers; Anastasia Goudanov and Paolo Pivot; Felicia Frost and Axel Spinner; Bella Twirlytail and Johnny Twizzle; and finally, two mysterious competitors known only as the Masked Skaters (no one knows for sure who they are).



Olga invented a spectacular move: "Flight of the Gouda." Impressed by her talent, Czar Mousoloff gave her a pair of silver skates.



Gerrykins? Do you like ice skating?”

“I don’t know how to skate,” I admitted.
“But I like to watch it!”

Creepella shrieked, “Perfect! I have two tickets to the **championships**! Would you like to come with me?!”

“R-r-really?” I stuttered. “I thought I would watch it from my warm, cozy house. I can get very chilly at the ice arena.”

“Oh, that’s too bad, Gerrykins,” Creepella said, with **MISCHIEF** in her voice. “I guess I’ll just have to take someone else.

Hello, Gerrykins?



“Which one of my **many admirers** shall I bring with me?” she asked. “Maybe Baron von Slick, the daredevil pilot? Or Count Sylvania, the most popular

GERONIMO IS NOT
MY ONLY ADMIRER. I HAVE
MANY MORE!

I KEEP TRACK OF THEM
AND THE GIFTS THEY
GIVE ME SO THAT
I CAN SEND THEM
THANK-YOU NOTES.



MY ADMIRERS



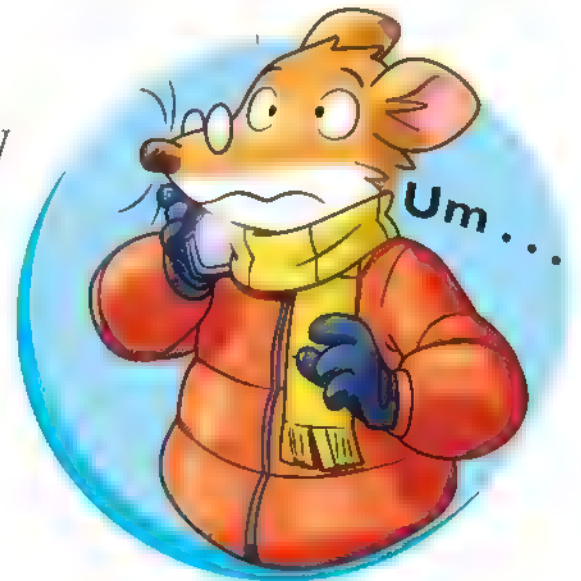


rodent in Mysterious Valley? Or maybe Sal Cemeterius, the largest producer of **COFFINS** on Mouse Island? Who should I call, Gerrykins?”

“Ahem,” I said with a *cough*. “Maybe I can come with you after all. If I dress *warmly*, I should be fine.”

“*Perfect!*” Creepella exclaimed. “It will be so *exciting*! You can pick me up the day of the championships. Bye-byyyye!” Then she ended the call.

I sighed. I could not say no to that *mysterious* mouse. She is a very good friend, after all!





ARE YOU THE MASKED SKATERS?

After I talked to Creepella, I noticed two mice **spinning** on the ice with more skill and speed than any of the others. They wore **strange** skating costumes decorated with a yellow banana print. One of the two **waved** at me. I squinted. Did I know him?

I did know him, and I knew him well.



HERCULE POIRAT IS ONE OF MY GREAT FRIENDS. WE HAVE KNOWN EACH OTHER SINCE WE WERE YOUNG MICE. HE IS ALSO THE MOST RESPECTED PRIVATE INVESTIGATOR IN NEW MOUSE CITY. SOMETIMES HIS COUSIN BRUTELLA POIRAT ASSISTS HIM.



Very well, actually. It was my dear friend **Hercule Poirat**, the private investigator.

The other skater was his cousin Brutella Poirat. She blew me a **kiss**.

Hercule skated as fast as **LIGHTNING** toward me and did a triple turn, landing very close to my tail. "Careful!" I yelled.

Brutella sped toward me and came to a sudden stop a millimeter from my whiskers, covering me in a cloud of ice **shavings**.

"What are you doing here, and why are you dressed like that?" I asked.

"What's the matter, don't you like our **Danish** costumes?" Brutella asked.

They both began to **SKATE** around me in circles. What were they up to? All I knew was that they were making me **dizzy**!

Then Hercule whispered in my ear, "We're **UNDERCOVER**."



“**UNDERCOVER?**” I asked. “Why?”

“Someone is trying to steal the *Silver Skates!*” Brutella said.

I gasped, and Hercule continued telling the story.

“The skates were in the office of the director of the ice arena, and somebody tried to **break in**,” he explained. “The director thinks the thief is an ice skater. So he asked us to work **UNDERCOVER** to keep a close eye on them.”

My head began to spin. “Let me get this straight,” I said. “Somebody tried to steal the Silver Skates. And you are **UNDERCOVER** to protect them. Does that mean you are the **MASKED SKATERS**?”

Benjamin and Trappy heard me and skated over.

“Are you the mysterious **MASKED SKATERS**?” Trappy asked.

“I know you! You’re Hercule and Brutella Poirat!” Benjamin yelled.



"Shhh," Hercule warned. "You'll give away our **SECRET**."

But it was too late. "Those mice with the banana outfits are the mysterious **MASKED SKATERS**!" someone yelled.

A crowd of rodents quickly gathered around us.

"Excuse me, **MASKED SKATER**, can we take a photo with you?" a young mouse asked Brutella.



I shooed away the crowd. "Get moving! Nothing to see here!" I told them.

"We've been **DISCOVERED!**" Hercule wailed. "This stinks worse than moldy cheese!"

"It's a disaster!" Brutella agreed. "If we can't go **UNDERCOVER**, we can't keep an eye on the Silver Skates."



I nodded. “Of course, of course . . .”

Hercule stroked his whiskers. “Unless we can find **two** rodents who will take our place as the mysterious **Masked Skaters!**” he said.

I nodded again. “Makes sense, makes sense . . .”

He looked at me. “We need someone who knows something about mysteries!”

I agreed. “True, true . . .”

Brutella hugged me. “That someone is **you**, Geronimo!” she cried.

“Obviously, obviously,” I said. And then I realized what I had said. “What? Why me?”

Benjamin and Trappy squeaked with **excitement**.

“Go, Uncle G!” Benjamin cheered. “You will be the new **Masked Skater!**”

I protested, “But I don’t know how to skate!”

“You can’t give up before you even try!”
Trappy said.

Hercule pushed me. “Let’s rent you some
skates so you can start **training!**”





DON'T BE A LITTLE MOZZARELLA!

I put on the skates and then staggered toward the lake with the help of Benjamin and Trappy.

“I’m not sure if this is a good idea!” I squeaked. “I don’t have any **BALANCE!**”

“Geronimo, don’t be a little **mozzarella!**” Hercule said. “I know you can do this!”





Most cheeses age for a long time. But **mozzarella** cheese does not take long to make. So when a rodent calls you a mozzarella, it means you are a rookie, an amateur, and also not very skilled!



I didn't want to be a **mozzarella**.

The first time I skated onto the ice, I **slipped** backward, landing on my tail! **BAM!**

My niece and nephew helped me get up.

"Don't give up, Uncle G!" Benjamin said.

I tried a second time and I **slipped** forward, landing on my snout and squishing all my whiskers! **Splat!**

"Don't give up,



Geronimo!" Hercule urged. "Right now you're a **mozzarella**, but I know that with some training you can be a fine, aged, **prize-winning** cheddar!"

So I tried for a third time. I fell again and slipped away on my belly like a penguin! **Swish!**

-Heeeelp, stop me!" I yelled.

The other rodents on the ice heard me.



"Isn't that Geronimo Stilton, the famous journalist?" someone asked. "What a mozzarella!"

I kept **sliding** across the lake at super speed, and I only stopped when I **slammed** into a pile of snow at the edge of the lake. Whomp!

"I told you I didn't have any **balance**!" I wailed.





Benjamin and Trappy ran to my rescue. They pulled me out of the pile of snow by the paws. My fur was **fROZEN**, my whiskers were **crumpled**, and **icicles** were coming out of my snout!

When I **shook** the snow off my eyes, I could see Hercule talking on his banana-shaped phone.

“Hello, **Thea**?” he asked. (Thea, as you probably know, is my sister.)

“**Psst** . . . it’s us, Hercule and Brutella.”





He was trying to whisper, but I could hear every word. “**Psst** we know that you are friends with Lobelia Tutu **Psst** We need her help. The situation is desperate. Your brother is such a **mozzarella**! What . . . ? You say you know that already? You say not to worry about it? You say that you’ll handle it? Okay, see you tomorrow!”

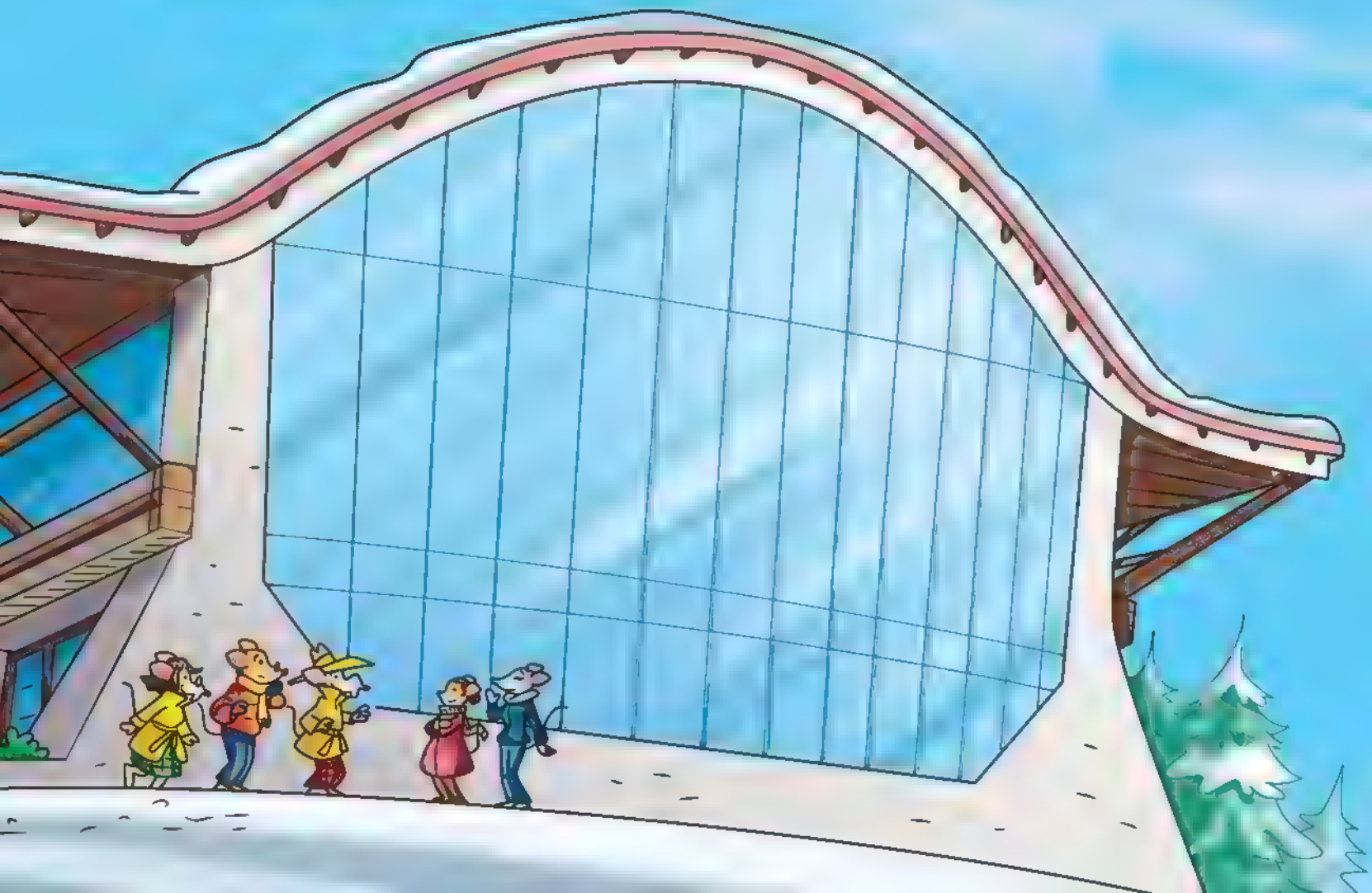


Hercule hung up and turned to me. “Geronimo, we found you a trainer—the **BEST TRAINER** in the city. Her name is Lobelia Tutu!”



THE DE-MOZZARELLA COURSE

The next day, Hercule and Brutella picked me up in their **Bananamobile** and took me to the New Mouse City Ice Arena. There and Lobelia Tulu were waiting for us there.



Lobelia was a famous ice skater. She was a very talented mouse and always wore her Mouslympic gold medal around her neck.

“Thea told me that the situation is desperate,” she said. “So, which one of you is the **little mozzarella?**”

Thea and Hercule pointed to me. “Him!” they said.

“Don’t worry,” Lobelia told me.



LOBELIA TUTU

A world champion ice skater, Lobelia also teaches skating to mice and offers “intensive courses in de-mozzarellization for desperate cases of mozzarella-itis.”

She lives with her grandmother Aurelia and her two sisters: classical dancer Topelia, and professional gymnast Amelia.



“Train with me and I will de-mozzarella you . . . **I swear on my tail!**”

“We need to *de-mozzarella* him before the championships start,” Hercule said.

“The *Silver Skates* are in danger!”

“Squeak!” Lobelia exclaimed. “That only gives us a few days. We will have to begin an intensive *de-mozzarella* course!”

I didn’t like the sound of that. “What exactly happens in the intensive *de-mozzarella* course?”

“You’ll find out very soon, Mr. Stilton—I mean **Little Mozzarella**,” she said. And even though she was tiny, she sounded very tough. “You can count on that!”

Thea, Hercule, and Brutella started to leave.

“Have a good *de-mozzarellization*!” my sister said.

“Please, don’t **ABANDON** me!” I begged.

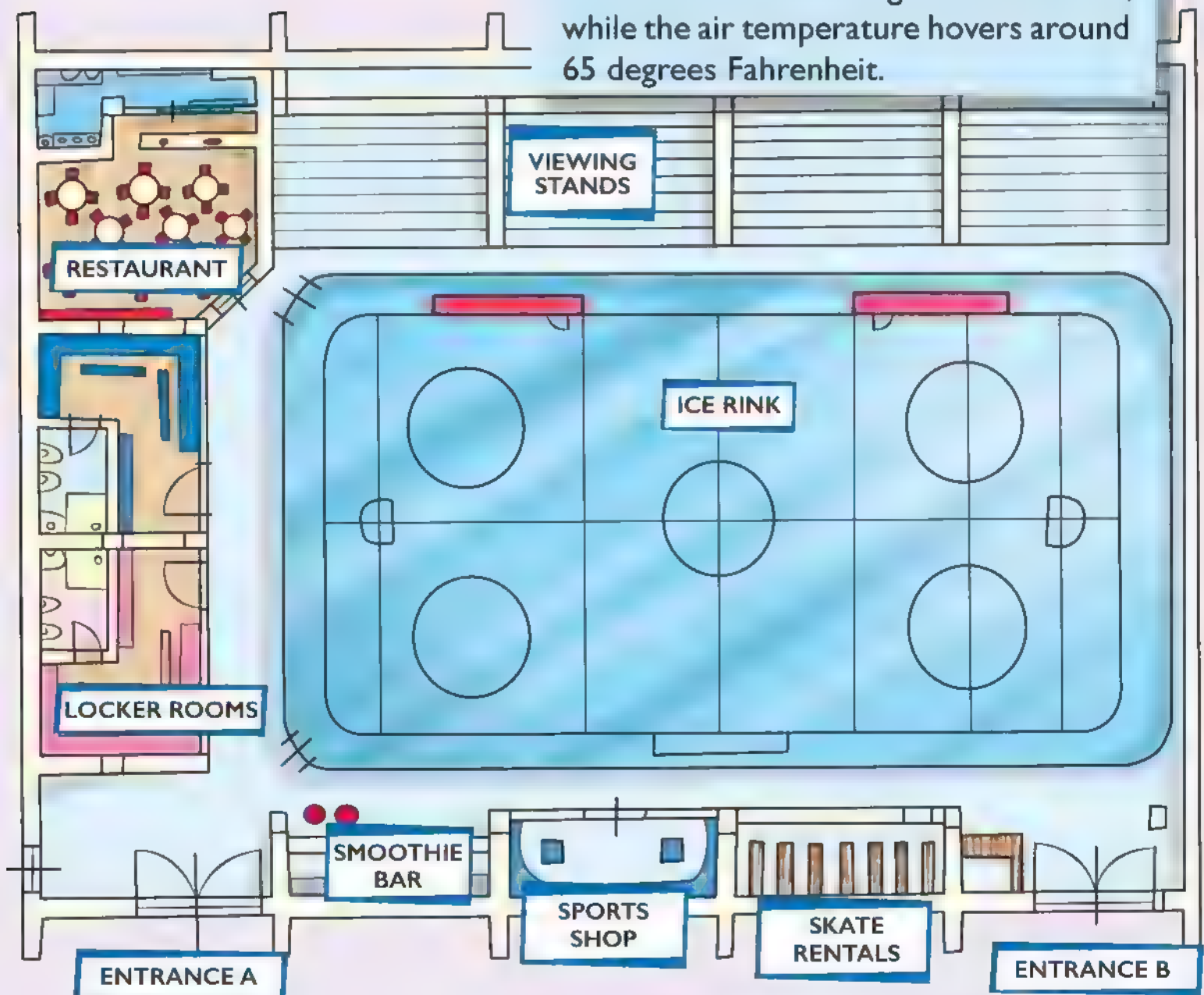


We all entered the arena. The ice sparkled under the bright lights hanging from the ceiling.

“Ooooooooooooooooooh!” I exclaimed as I gazed around.

INSIDE THE ARENA

The ice in an indoor arena is kept at between 17 and 24 degrees Fahrenheit, while the air temperature hovers around 65 degrees Fahrenheit.





LOOK
GREAT IN
SPORTS
GEAR!

MUSCLEMOON
GYM
STAY IN
SHAPE!

Spectacular!

It's enormous!

Ratt's



MOUSE ISLAND ICE SKATING CHAMPIONSHIP

Did you have fun?

Let's come back!

Awesome!



Lobelia **turned** toward me, her paws on her hips.

“So, let’s hear it, Geronimo. What level of mozzarella are you?” she asked.

“How would I know?” I replied.

She pointed to a **poster** on the wall.

WHAT LEVEL OF MOZZARELLA ARE YOU?

- 1 You can skate, but you **CAN'T DO TRICKS**.
- 2 You can skate, but you're a **BIT SHAKY**.
- 3 You can skate, but you fall **ONCE IN A WHILE**.
- 4 You fall on your tail **ALL THE TIME**.
- 5 As soon as you put a skate on the ice, you **SLIP** across the rink on your stomach **LIKE A PENGUIN!**

I cleared my throat. “Then I am a **LEVEL FIVE** mozzarella.”

“The situation is more desperate than I *thought!*” she said. “We have a lot of **work** to do, Geronimo!”



“We do?” I asked.

“Don’t worry,” she said. “I will make sure we get your **MOZZARELLA LEVEL** down before the competition.”

“But this is a **CONTEST** competition,” Hercule reminded her. “He needs a skating **partner!**”

“What? You didn’t say anything about a **partner,**” I said nervously. “Who will want to skate with me?”

Thea smiled. “I know someone who would love to skate with you,” she said. “Actually, she would **MUMMIFY** you if you skated with anyone else.”

She took out her cell phone and made a call. “Hello, it’s me, Thea. Come right away to the **ICE ARENA!** Geronimo needs you . . .”

The reply blasted from Thea’s phone.

“I’m coming!”



I DO NOT LOOK GOOD IN RUFFLES!

Ten minutes later, a **PURPLE** convertible **hearse** parked in front of the arena with a loud **screech**. Just as I thought, Thea had called **CREEPELLA VON CACKLEFUR!**

Thanks, Creepella!

Good to see you!





Lobelia ran up and gave Creepella a hug.

“I haven’t seen you in so long!” Creepella said. “Not since we took ice skating **LESSONS** together when we were just **mouselets**.”

“Those days were so much fun,” Lobelia said. “Back then, who would have guessed that I would become a famous **ICE SKATING** champion and you would become a **SUCCESSFUL JOURNALIST**?”

Creepella smiled. “Yes, look at us now!”

Lobelia glanced at me. “I heard that you and *Geronimo* are dating. That’s so lovely.”

I **blushed**. “Well, we are v-v-very good friends,” I stuttered.

Luckily for me, Hercule and Brutella walked up just then.

“Lobelia and Geronimo need to get to **work**,” Hercule said. “He is a **LEVEL**



FIVE MOZZARELLA when it comes to ice skating!”

Creepella waved her paw. “Training can wait,” she said. “As **serious** as it is to be a level five mozzarella, we have something more important to do. If we must dress as **MASKED SKATERS**, we will need the **right costumes!** Let’s all jump into my hearse so we can go shopping.”

We all knew better than to argue with Creepella. So we hopped into her hearse and she drove us to **RATTOSPORT**, the largest sporting goods store in New Mouse City.

In the ice skating department, a friendly salesmouse approached us. “**Hello! How can I help you?**” she asked.

Lobelia pointed at me and Creepella. “These two need **matching** ice skating costumes.”



CHARLIE'S
CHEDDAR
IT'S THE
CHEESIEST!

RATTOSPORT

MOUSESTAR
CHOCOLATES



The salesmouse clapped her paws together. “Matching costumes! That’s so **romantic**! I have some wonderful outfits for you to try on.”

Before I could **squeak** that our outfits did not have to be romantic, the salesmouse dragged me across the room. Thea pushed me into a dressing room and Creepella passed me the first outfit.

“I think this one will look **fabumouse** on you, Gerrykins,” she said.

“Don’t keep us waiting, Geronimo!” Thea called out. “Let’s see how you **LOOK!**”

I looked down at what I was wearing and sighed.

“Okay,” I said, “but I am only doing it to save the **Silver Skates!**”

I came out of the dressing room wearing a black skating suit with a **flame** design



on the chest and a fringe of red and gold beads hanging from the sleeves.

“This is the **Spicy Cheese Dip** outfit designed by the famous designer, Tom Fuzzy!” announced the salesmouse.



“Gerrykins, you look delicious!” Creepella said.

“It’s so stiff!” I complained. “I won’t be able to **move** in this!”

“Get him another one!” Lobelia said.

I went back into the dressing room and came back out a few minutes later wearing white tights, a pink shirt, and a gold vest that **sparkled** with sequins.



“Geronimo is wearing the **GOLDEN PRINCE** outfit from the Fairy Tales on Ice collection by Princessa Provolone,” the salesmouse said.

“Geronimo, you look so handsome!” Creepella exclaimed.

“Squeak!” I protested.

“These sequins are **TOO SHINY!**”

Lobelia sighed. “You are very picky for a mozzarella, Geronimo. Try on another one, then!”

I went back into the dressing room.

A few minutes later, I emerged wearing a skating outfit made of layers and layers of white and blue **ruffles**.

“Geronimo is wearing **Rhapsody in Ruffles**



from the renowned designer Christian Furriano,” the salesmouse explained.

“More like **ridiculous** ruffles!” I muttered.

“But, Geronimo, you look so charming!” Creepella said.

I shook my head. “I will not be seen in public like this.”

Lobelia put her paws on her hips. “Geronimo, you don’t seem to like anything. What outfit would make you **happy**?”

“Isn’t there something more classic and less **flashy**?” I asked.

“And **purple**,” Creepella added. “It’s my favorite color!”



“I have just the thing,” the salesmouse said. “Classic, not flashy, and purple. Let me get you **Bats of the Night** from designer Vampira Vox.”





The salesmouse left and quickly returned with wonderful **PURPLE** outfits for Creepella and me. My shirt even had sleeves that looked like **bat wings**!

We tried on our costumes and modeled them for everyone.

“How **romantic** you look!” Thea said. “Let me take your picture.”

“You know, that would be a great **photo** for your wedding invitations,” Lobelia remarked.

“Wedding? We are j-j-just good friends!” I stuttered.

“You really are a beautiful couple,” the salesmouse said with a **dreamy** sigh.

Luckily, Hercule came to my **rescue** again and changed the subject.

“Just one minute,” he said. “These costumes are not complete!”



“That’s right,” Brutella agreed. “You can’t be **MASKED SKATERS** without masks.”

“I have exactly what you need!” the salesmouse exclaimed.

She darted off again and came back with two purple satin **MASKS**.

Lobelia happily clapped her **paws** together.

“Perfect!” she said. “And now that you’ve got your costume, Geronimo, it’s time to **de-mozzarella** you!”

THE MASKED SKATERS





MY NAME IS SHANE SHIVERS

When we returned to the ice arena, a tall, thin rodent was waiting for us. He wore a blue skating costume that matched Lobelia's, and he had shiny fur and a thin mustache. On his chest was a Mouslympic **GOLD MEDAL**.



“This is **Shane Shivers**, my skating partner,” Lobelia introduced us. “He’s going to **help** me train you, Geronimo.” Shane shook our paws.



“They told me that the *Silver Skates* are in danger of being stolen. I am happy to help keep them safe!”

We headed over to the ice rink where many skating couples were practicing. One couple stood out. The male mouse was as

BIG as an armoire and had dark brown hair, and his partner was slim with **fiery** red hair.



PAOLO PIVOT

Lobelia saw me looking at them. “That’s *Anastasia Goudanov* and *Paolo Pivot*,” she whispered. “They made it into the finals because the members of their rival team were

MYSTERIOUSLY injured before the competition. Something about that stinks worse than rotten cheese!”



ANASTASIA GOUDANOV

“Isn’t *Anastasia Goudanov* the *great-*

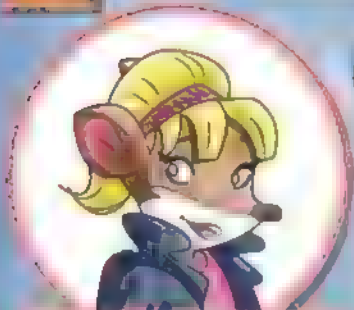
THE FINALISTS OF THE MOUSE ISLAND ICE SKATING CHAMPIONSHIPS



Lady MacGoon



Lord Frost



Belle Tyndal



Jimmy Tyndal



Lilli Toot



Felix Toot



Fern Frost



Alf Frost



Masked Skaters





great-great-niece of Olga Goudanov?" Creepella asked.

"That is what she **claims**," Lobelia replied. "Anastasia **BELIEVES** the Silver Skates belong to her. But Olga's will was very clear: she wanted the skates to go only to the **best skaters** on Mouse Island."

Shane nodded. "That's why Anastasia entered the **championships**."





“Enough **SQUEAKING** about Anastasia!” Lobelia said. “We came here to train and we have **SOOOOOOOO** much work to do. But you can do it, Geronimo, I know you can!”



“You just need to learn a few simple moves,” Shane said, and then he began to rattle off a bunch of moves that sounded **SOOOOOOOO** complicated.

“No problem! We can do that,” Creepella responded.

But I was in a cold sweat!

How would I be able to learn all those moves in such a short time? I couldn’t even stand on my skates without **falling** on my tail!

Creepella **gracefully** skated onto the ice with the others.



FIGURE SKATING

Figure skating is a sport that involves ice skaters performing jumps, dance moves, and spins on the ice. The Mouslympics has three categories of figure skating: singles, pairs, and ice dancing, which is based on ballroom dancing.

Basic Figure Skating Moves

Competitive figure skating moves include jumps and spins. There are two main types of jumps: toe jumps and edge jumps. Jumps are graded on the position of the skater's feet, the height of the jump, the speed, the landing, and other factors. There are three main types of spins: upright spins, sitting spins, and camel spins, which are performed with one leg extended backward. A skater can earn more points with jumps than with spins.

History of Figure Skating

Ice skating became popular in the thirteenth century in Holland as a way to get around. Skaters traveled from village to village on frozen canals. Around six hundred years later, in 1850, Edward Bushnell invented steel skates, which allowed skaters to make complicated moves and turns. Ten years later, a ballet dancer named Jackson Haines added dance moves to ice skating, and figure skating was born!

Lobelia and Shane's Favorite Moves

Ina Bauer

German ice skater Ina Bauer invented this position, in which a skater's legs are apart and his or her feet point in opposite directions.



Kilian

The Kilian is an Australian couples dance consisting of fourteen steps that are performed very quickly. Both partners perform the steps side by side, in unison.

Couples Camel Spin

Both skaters extend one leg behind them, keeping it parallel to the ice.



Biellmann Position

To perform a Biellmann, the skater moves forward on one foot and grabs the blade of the free skate and pulls it back over his or her head. The skate blade can be held by one or both paws.



I tried to follow her—and immediately fell! This time, my paws got **tangled** up in my laces.

“Help!” My paws are tangled up like spaghetti!” I cried.

Hercule came to my rescue. “Geronimo, get yourself together!” he said.

Anastasia and Paolo skated over to me.

“Look at this **mozzarella!**” Paolo sneered.

“He doesn’t even know how to **FASTEN** his skates!” Anastasia added.

Argh!



“They’re right! I am bad at sports! All sports!” I wailed.

Lobelia was **ANGRY**.

“No, Geronimo, they aren’t right. That is bad sportsmouseship!”

She skated over to them



like a flash and scolded them. “Athletes need to support one another. We were all **mozzarellas** once! You both started out as beginners, too!”



WE ALL STARTED OUT AS BEGINNERS!

DANCING ON ICE

I remember when I was a little mouselet. My grandmother Aurelia always told me and my sisters, Topelia and Amelia, about her love of dancing. She would dance with my sisters and me in our garden, and we learned to love dancing, too. Topelia became a classical ballerina. Amelia became a master of gymnastics dance, and I became a figure skater! And do you know why? One winter day, my grandmother took me to the skating rink in the park. When I saw the snowflakes falling like cotton candy from the sky, and I saw the ice of the lake sparkling like a crystal, I longed to dance on the ice! My grandmother gave me my first pair of skates, and thanks to her, my dream came true.





LOBELIA TUTU
ICE SKATER



TOPELIA TUTU
CLASSICAL
BALLERINA



AMELIA TUTU
GYMNAST

FROM MOZZARELLA . . . TO CHAMPION!

When I was first learning how to ice skate I was a real mozzarella! I fell so often that the other little mice made fun of me and sang “Lobelia Falls Down” to me. Only my friends Thea and Creepella defended me!

I almost quit skating, but my teacher took me aside.

“Lobelia, I know that you have a bright future ahead of you,” she said.

“Because every time you fall, you always get back up! That is what a real champion does — I swear it on my tail!”

So I didn’t give up, and neither did my sisters. We worked hard for many years to achieve our dreams. But we are happy, because we are doing what we love! So if you have a dream, work hard and you will achieve it. Even if you don’t become a champion, you will still be a winner — because you’ll be doing what you love to do.



I SWEAR ON MY TAIL!

After Lobelia **scolded** Anastasia and Paolo, she and Shane took me aside.

“We have a plan,” she said. “You and Creepella aren’t in this competition to win. You’re here to protect the *Silver Skates*! So you don’t need to learn any fancy tricks.”

“Creepella already knows how to skate,” Shane added. “We will teach her some *competition* moves. All you need to do is stay on your feet the whole time.”

“**SQUEAK!**” I exclaimed. “That’s not **possible!** As soon as I put a skate on the ice, I slip! *I don’t have any balance!*”

“Don’t worry, you can learn how to



balance,” Lobelia said confidently. “We’ll teach you some **balancing** exercises and we won’t leave your side until you can stay on your feet by yourself. You’ll be able to do it before we finish tonight. *I swear on my tail!*”

Then she pulled out an enormous megaphone.

“Forward, **Mozzarella!**” she yelled. “Let’s get moving! I will make you a real skater, I swear on my tail!”



BALANCE EXERCISES FOR MOZZARELLA MICE

1.



Hold a cheese round on your head without letting it fall for five minutes.

Take ten steps with the cheese round on your head without letting it fall.



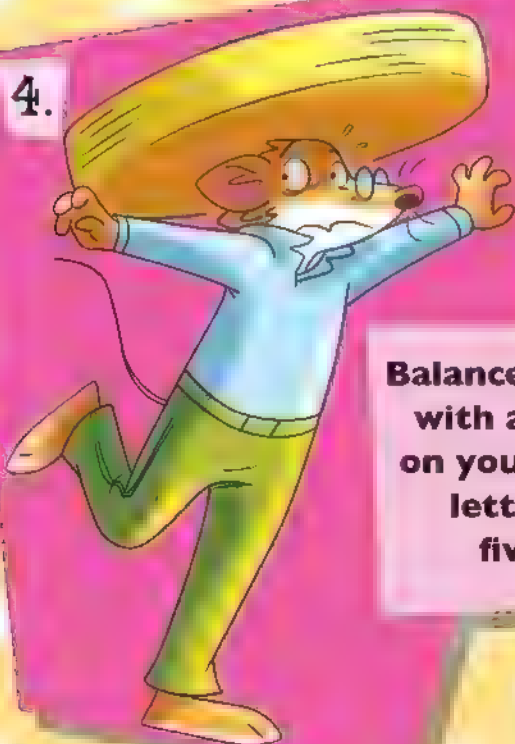
3.

Balance on only one paw for five minutes.

2.



4.



Balance on one paw only with a cheese round on your head without letting it fall for five minutes.

Snack break: Everyone eat a piece of the cheese round!

5.





“Great job!” Lobelia exclaimed when I had finished. “Now we’re ready for the next step: to see if you can balance on the ice. Let’s go. The **COMPETITION** is tomorrow!”

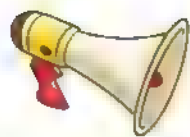
I put on my *skates* again and went back onto the rink. Lobelia **YELLED** instructions through the megaphone.



1.
**GERONIMO,
STRAIGHTEN OUT
YOUR BACK!**

Heeeelp!





2.

GERONIMO, DON'T
STICK OUT YOUR TAIL!



Is this okay?



Done!



I managed to stay
on my feet by gripping
the side **rail**.

“GREAT JOB,
Geronimo!” Lobelia
yelled.



She continued to yell instructions:

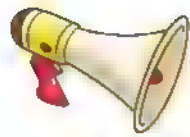


3.
**GERONIMO,
DON'T BEND
YOUR KNEES!**



4.
**GERONIMO,
DON'T DO
A SPLIT!**





I spent the whole day training on the ice. I trained so hard that even my **whiskers** ached! But Lobelia never let me give up.

At one point I **WAILED**, “I can’t do it anymore!” and Lobelia skated right over to me.

“Are you a **mozzarella** or a mouse?” she asked. “I will make a real skater out of you, Geronimo! I swear on my tail!”

So I kept training. And by eight o’clock that night, I was able to stand on the ice without **falling** on my tail for more than ten whole minutes!

Creepella **smiled** at me. “Now all you have to do is follow me, Gerrykins,” she said. “You’ll see that **together** we can do this!”

My friends **cheered** me on.

“Look, he’s doing it!” Thea yelled.



Great job!

Bravo!



“Great job, Geronimo!” Hercule said.

“Thank you, friends!” I said happily. “I couldn’t have done it without you!”

Lobelia clapped her paws. “That’s **enough** practice, Creepella and Geronimo,” she said. “I want you both to have a light and nutritious dinner, and then a **DEEP** sleep. We all need to be rested for tomorrow’s competition!”

I called **Dr. Fuzz**, the health columnist for *The Rodent’s Gazette*, to give me some advice about what I should eat that night . . .



BE A HEALTHY CHAMPION!

TIPS FOR YOUNG RODENTS WHO PLAY SPORTS

BY DR. FUZZ

DRINK WATER: Good hydration is important when you're training and competing! Make sure to drink water before a game starts, during a game, and afterward, too.

CARBS GIVE YOU ENERGY: Whole-grain foods such as crackers and pasta will give you the lasting energy you need to keep moving.

PROTEIN BUILDS MUSCLE: Eat some protein – such as an egg, meat, and yogurt – with each meal to help you grow and build muscle.

VEGGIES HAVE VITAMINS: Fruit and vegetables have vitamins and minerals that help keep you healthy.

GET ENOUGH REST: Young rodents need 8-10 hours of sleep to be their best, and young athletes might need even more!



MAY THE BEST MOUSE WIN!

The next night, it was time for the **championships** to begin! Excited fans filled the stands in the ice arena. And I was **HAPPY** to see that one of the announcers was my friend Dribbler Zestymouse, a soccer expert and a sports writer at **The Rodent's Gazette!**

From the doorway of the locker room, I scanned the arena. I spotted the reason why I was there: the *Silver Skates*. They were displayed in a **SHATTERPROOF** crystal case, where a crowd of rodents **ADMIRERD** them.

Creepella looked around the locker room.



“Remember, one of these skaters might be the **thief**,” she whispered. “We need to keep an eye on them.”

Then Dribbler’s voice blared through the arena. “Please welcome our first athletes in the pair skating competition, Lobelia Tutu and Shane Shivers! They will be skating to the number ‘**TANGO FOR TWO**.’”

An upbeat tango tune began to play from the speakers. Shane and Lobelia skated around the rink holding paws. Tiny mirrors **sparkled** on their costumes.

Lobelia and Shane skated **faster** and **faster**, performing a series of skilled moves. It was obvious that they had skated together for a long time.

I looked over at the Silver Skates, and that’s when I spotted **Madame No**. When this mysterious mouse shows up, it usually



MOUSE ISLAND ICE SKATING CHAMPIONSHIPS

Great job!

It's a magical night!



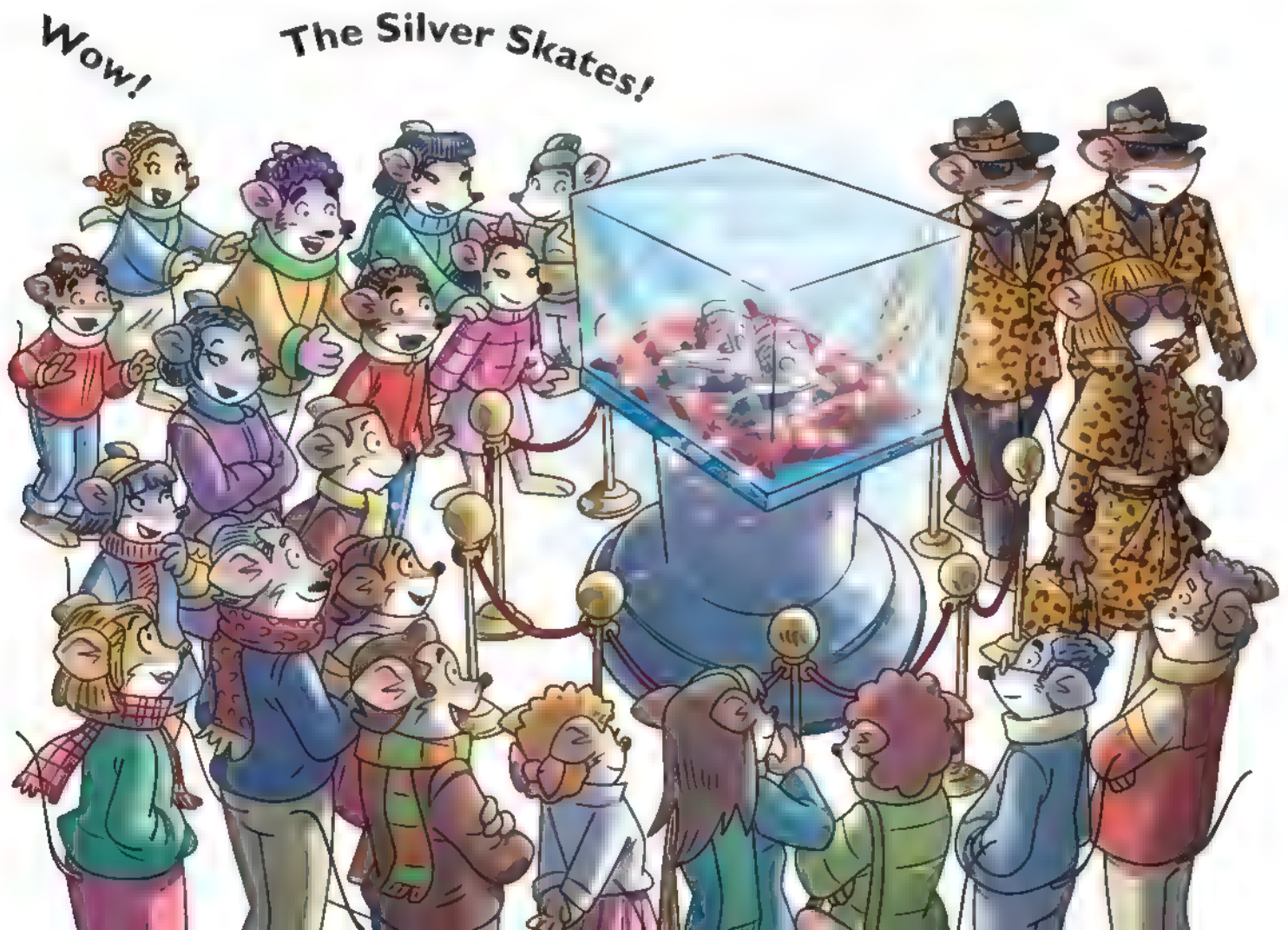


means **TROUBLE**! I noticed that she was escorted by two bodyguards, instead of her usual three.

“Creepella, **Madame No** is here,” I whispered.

“She could be after the skates,” Creepella guessed. “But what’s her **plan**? I wonder.”

By then, Lobelia and Shane had skated off the ice. The crowd **applauded**. Everyone watched as the judges raised their





signs with their scores. They were all very high!

“Hooray, Lobelia and Shane!” Creepella and I cheered.

“A magnificent performance!” Dribbler cried. He turned to the other announcer. “What do you think, Gary?”

“This team has great technique, Dribbler,” Gary replied. “And they got great **scores**. Is there another team competing tonight who can beat them?”



“We will find out soon, Gary,” Dribbler replied. “Up next, here are Felicia Frost and Axel Spinner, who will skate to a song called *Lullaby on Ice*!”

The two glided onto the ice wearing soft white-and-blue **COSTUMES** that looked like **pajamas**. Soft, slow music began to play.

Felicia and Axel began to perform a veeeeery **slow** routine to the veeeeery **soothing** music.

When the routine ended, Dribbler yawned. “That number was **UNUSUAL**, but very **RELAXING**. Let’s see what the judges say.” He gasped. “Oh no! The judges have relaxed too much! They have fallen asleep!”

Bella Twirlytail and Johnny Twizzle entered next, accompanied by some cheerful **ROCK-AND-ROLL** music. They were





dressed like rodents
from the 1950s.

“They will be
skating to a tune
called ‘**Rocking
Rodents**,’” Dribbler
announced.

The two began to perform a routine with
lots of jumps and spins. The whole stadium
kept the beat by **clapping** their paws
and dancing!

“Look at that technique,” Dribbler said.
“Bella is performing a **triple loop jump**
and . . . it’s perfect! Now Johnny is trying
the same jump.”

Johnny jumped. He spun around **three
times** in the air . . . and he slipped on the
landing!

“That **mistake** will cost them points,”



Gary remarked.

He was right. The judges gave the pair **low scores** for their routine.

Creepella nudged me.

“I haven’t seen anything **suspicious** yet,” she whispered. “It would take a very bold rodent to steal the skates in plain sight!”

Oops!





THE DANCING MOZZARELLA

“The next competitors are the mysterious **MASKED SKATERS!**” Dribbler announced.

“It’s our turn, Gerrykins!” Creepella said.
My whiskers began to **tremble**. “Creepella,

Trust me!





I can't do this!" I squeaked. "I can stand on my skates, but that's about all I can do!"

"Trust me, Gerrykins, we've got this," she said sweetly.

She took me by the paw and began to *gracefully* skate around the rink, pulling me with her.

"Just *relax*, Gerrykins," she instructed.

As she dragged me around, I felt as useless as a rag doll. Luckily for me, she was a great skater!

As we skated, cameras **FLASHED** and the crowd cheered. I broke out into a cold sweat!

"Now the mysterious Masked Skaters will skate to the song, 'THE DANCING MOZZARELLA.' Oh, wait, I mean, '**Bats in Flight.**'"

Creepella had chosen a **SONG** written



by the famous composer Darkwing von Batoven, and performed by the **Spooky Symphony** of Mysterious Valley. It was truly a **HAUNTING** tune!

She pushed me into the center of the rink and began to twirl around me.

Just as we had practiced, I began to **wave** my arms in time with the music, just like a **BAT**.





“Interesting performance!” Dribbler said. “The masked gentlemouse is not moving his feet, but is **waving** his arms in time with the music, while the masked ladymouse **skates** around him. What do you think, Gary?”

“It’s a very **beautiful** routine,” Gary replied. “But they won’t score many points unless both skaters perform jumps and spins. At this rate, they will lose the competition.”

Luckily, I knew we didn’t need to win. All we had to do was protect the **Silver Skates**.

I kept focusing on my feet, but then a moth landed on my nose. I raised my snout to try to squash it, and that is when I noticed something very, veeeeery, veeeeery suspicious . . .



Squeak!
A helicopter!



... I saw the shadow of a huge **HELICOPTER** hovering over the **glass** roof of the arena!

“SQUEAK!” I yelled. “Why is a helicopter up there?” Then it hit me.

Maybe they were trying to steal the Silver Skates!

I looked for Creepella, but she was skating on the other end of the rink. I waved my arms to attract her attention but everyone thought I was still **glancing**! I didn’t have a choice: I had to cross the rink to warn Creepella about the strange helicopter. There was only problem.

I still didn’t know how to skate!

I only knew how to stand up! I shot a look at the Silver Skates, which I had promised to **PROTECT**, and then at the helicopter.

I had to try to skate! So I took one step ... and I immediately **sliiiiiiipped!**



I slipped with so much force that I did a somersault in midair. But thanks to my balance training, I didn't land on my stomach. ***I landed on my paws!***

The crowd burst into applause.

"That was an **IMPECCABLE JUMP!**" Dribbler announced. "The Masked Skater will earn a lot of points for that move!"

"Heeeey!" I yelled, trying to get Creepella's attention, and began to skate. Once again . . .

I slllllllllipped

This time, I somersaulted backward, but I didn't land on my tail. ***I landed perfectly***



on my paws!

“Another impeccable jump!” Dribbler said.

Creepella saw me and began to skate at me. I pointed up at the ceiling and tried again to skate to her . . .



I sliiiiiiiipped

This time I launched into the air with a **triple somersault**.

“Look at this, Gary!” Dribbler yelled. “I’ve never seen a move like this!”

“A triple jump with a **somersault** and tailspin!” Gary said. “I have never seen anything like that in skating!”

I was sure I was going to land on my tail this time. But Creepella reached me and



caught me in the air!

“**Goaaaaaaaal!**” yelled Dribbler, the soccer fan. “I mean, great job!”

The judges raised their **signs**.
We had earned a very high score!

“Creepella, there’s a **HELICOPTER** above us!” I yelled.

But the crowd was **cheering** so loud that she didn’t hear me.

“Go, **MASKED SKATERS!**” they yelled.





Creepella bowed and then turned to me.
“Gerrykins, we are a mouserific pair!”

I was about to respond to her that, ahem, we weren’t an official couple, and that I was very **worried** about that strange helicopter above us, but she was already pulling me off the ice.



FLYING AWAY IS AGAINST THE RULES!

The crowd quieted down as Anastasia Goudanov and Paolo Pivot *skated* onto the rink!

“Look up! There it is. The **SUSPICIOUS** helicopter I mentioned!” I told Creepella.

She finally heard me and gazed up at the roof. “What is a **HELICOPTER** doing



above the ice rink?" she whispered.

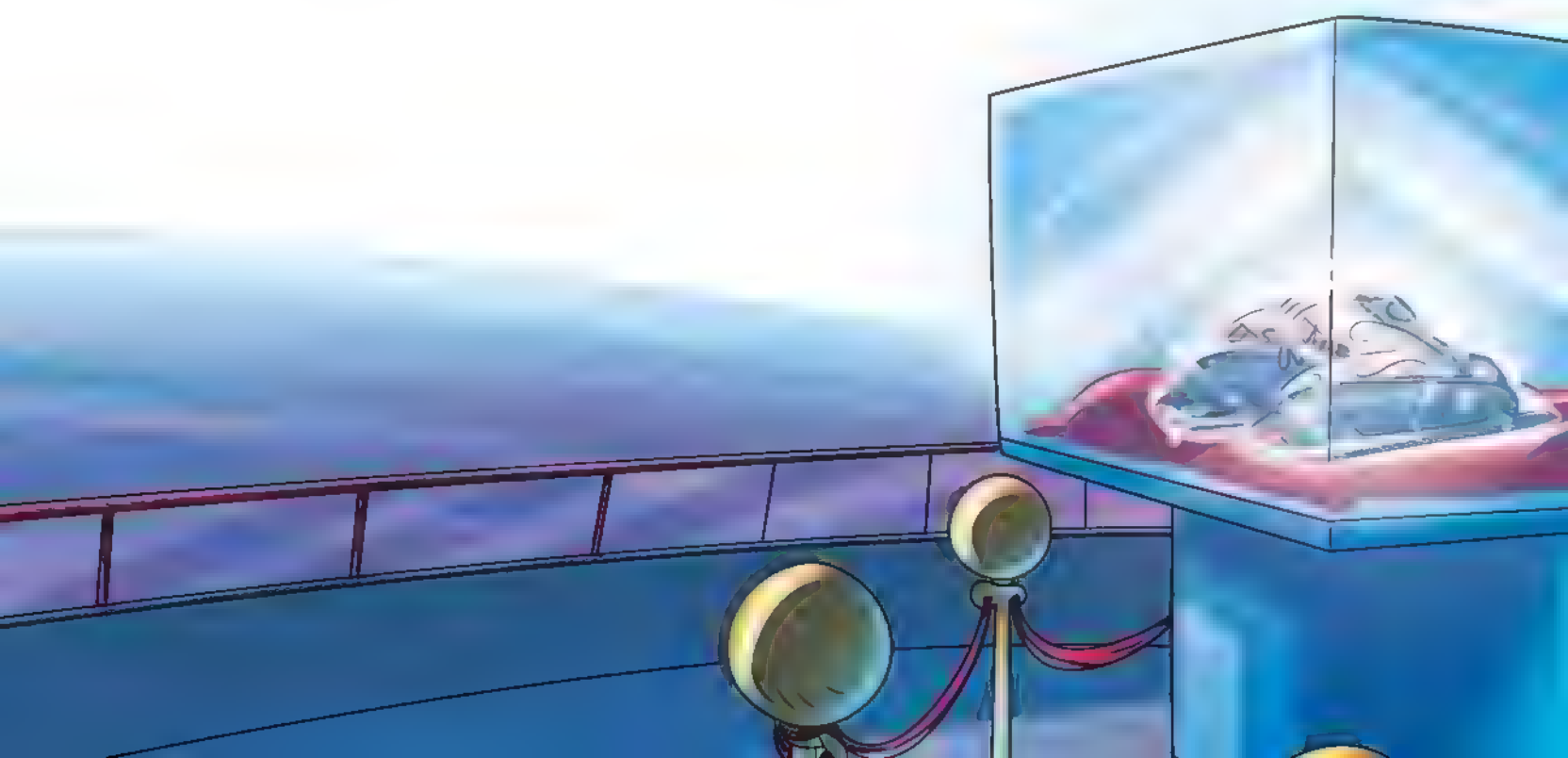
"Do you think it could be part of the **plot** to steal the skates?" I asked.

"Could be," Creepella said. "Let's keep an eye on it and be ready for action."

Anastasia and Paolo skated around the rink, wearing *leopard print* costumes.

"These athletes will perform to 'Waltz of the Gouda,'" Dribbler announced. "They are dedicating it to Olga Goudanov, an ancestor of Anastasia's."

The two began to skate to the waltz music,



until we heard a ... **CRAAAAASH!**

Above us, a part of the glass roof shattered into **smithereens!** We heard a metallic groan as a huge **chain** dropped through the hole in the roof. Attached to the chain was a steel cage, and dangling from that was an enormous hook!

The hook dropped until it hovered above the **SHATTERPROOF** case that protected the *Silver Skates!* At that

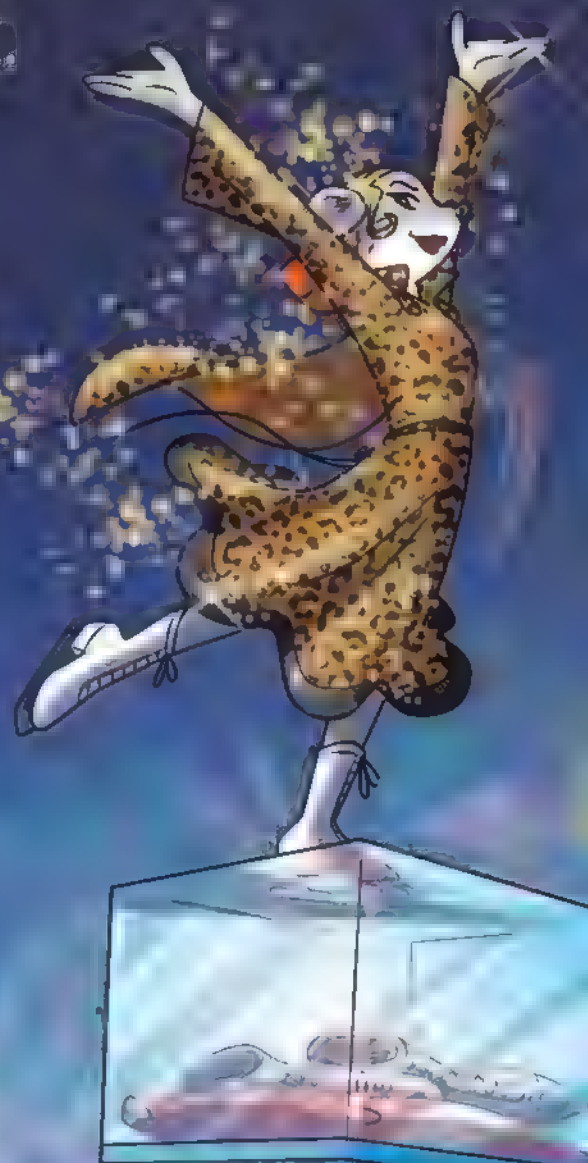


moment, Paolo lifted Anastasia above his head. She jumped off his paws, soared through the air, and landed on top of the case holding the Silver Skates!

“OOOOH!” the crowd gushed.

“I’m **very confused**,
Dribbler,” Gary said.

“Me, too, Gary.”





Dribbler admitted. “I’m not sure if that move is allowed in the rules.”

“Creepella, they are the **thieves!**” I yelled. “We’ve got to stop them from stealing the skates!”

We both skated toward Anastasia.

Anastasia attached the hook to the case containing the *Silver Skates*.

Dribbler stood up. “Hey, this is **DEFINITELY** not allowed in the rules!”

Meanwhile, we skated toward the glass case at top speed!

Anastasia looked up at



the helicopter. “The skates are hooked—pull us up!” she yelled.

Then she and Paolo quickly **climbed** into the cage.

“**GERRYKINS, JUMP!**” Creepella yelled.

We **LAUNCHED** off the ice and grabbed on to the cage. Then we climbed in just as the **HELICOPTER** began to lift it into the air.

The chain lifted us through the **SHATTERED** roof and up toward the helicopter.

The belly of the **mysterious** helicopter opened and the chain pulled the cage inside. Creepella and I took off our masks. The walls and floors inside the helicopter were covered in **leopard print**. At the controls, a rodent wearing **leopard print** turned around and grinned at us.

“If it isn’t *Geronimo Stilton*,” she said.



“Hold on to your whiskers, Geronimo. It is I, **Madame No!**”

“I know,” I said. “I saw you at the ice arena.”

It is I, Madame No!



“Well, maybe *this* will **SURPRISE** you,” Anastasia said. She took off her red wig, and I recognized her as **Shadow**, the super spy!

Paolo took off his wig and put on a pair of black glasses and I recognized him, too. He was one of **Madame No's** bodyguards!

Shadow laughed. “This **mozzarella** tried to stop us, but he couldn't. We took the **skates** and now the clues to finding the **TREASURE** will be ours!”

“**Mine**, you mean!” Madame No corrected her.

Madame No got up and used a laser tool to



The treasure
will be ours!

Mine, you mean!

They were in disguise!



open up the case holding the Silver Skates.

“Those don’t belong to you!” Creepella yelled.

“They do now,”

Madame No said with

a sneer. “**Madame No**

always wins! Now what’s the secret to the **royal treasure?**”

She used a **MAGNIFYING GLASS** with a leopard print handle to examine the **BLADE** of the skates.

“There is no **treasure map** here!” she snorted angrily. “Just a **silly** skating scene!”

Then she tossed

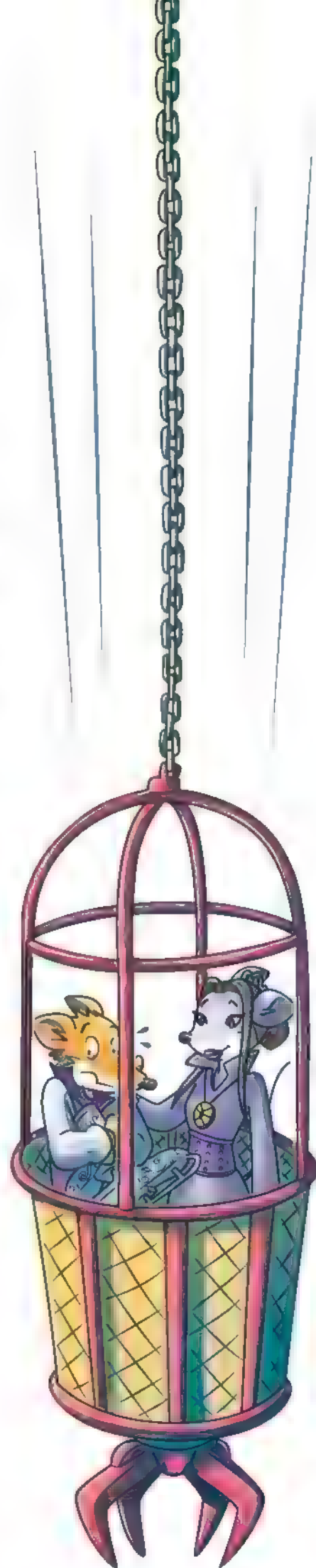


the *Silver Skates* over her shoulder!

I quickly **sprang** into action and caught the skates. Creepella, meanwhile, had taken over the **controls** of the helicopter. The chain began to drop back down into the arena, and Creepella and I jumped into the cage. We dropped **lower** and **lower** and **lower** . . .

“STOP THEM!” Madame No yelled.

But it was too late. The cage had already touched down onto the **ICE RINK**. Creepella and I climbed out.





I AM AFRAID OF HEIGHTS!

I looked up at the helicopter, which was flying away, and shook my paw at it.

“This doesn’t end here! We will see you again—and soon!” I yelled.

Then a crowd of rodents **surrounded** us, cheering!

Dribbler’s voice **BOOMED** over the speaker. “This is incredible! The faces of the **masked skaters** have been revealed: they are Geronimo Stilton and Creepella von Cacklefur.”

“And they’ve saved the *Silver Skates*!” Gary added.

“Squeak,” I muttered weakly. “We’re



finally on the ground!”

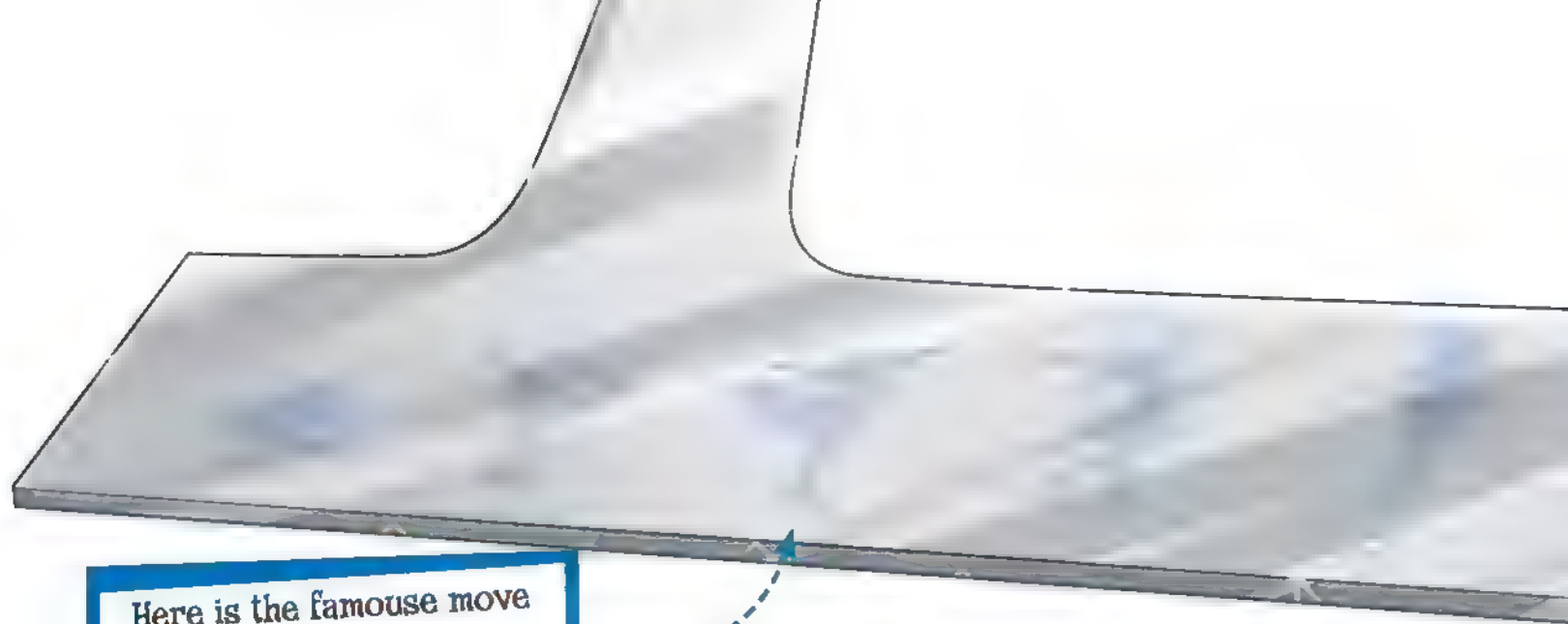
AND THEN I FAINTED!

“Mr. Stilton, wake up!” one of the judges said. They fanned me with their score cards. “It’s time for the awards ceremony!”

“And now, here are the winners!” Dribbler announced. “In **third** place . . . Bella Twirlytail and Johnny Twizzle! In **second** place . . . Lobelia Tutu and Shane Shivers! And in **FIRST** place, for their incredible acrobatics and for having saved the Silver







Here is the famous move
“FLIGHT OF THE GOUDA”

Skates . . . the **MASKED SKATERS!**”

We stepped onto the podium and the judges gave us the prize: **THE SILVER SKATES.**

After the awards ceremony, Creepella and I **EXAMINED** the skates with a magnifying glass.

“Gerrykins, look at these carvings on the **blade**,” Creepella said, excited. “This is not a silly skating scene. They show the skating steps that explain how to do Olga Goudanov’s famous move, ‘*Flight of the Gouda*.’ This was her treasure!”

The nearby reporters eagerly swarmed us.

“Did you say **treasure**, Creepella?” one of them asked.



“Yes, but it’s not the kind of treasure you think,” she replied.

Creepella and I **LOOKED** at each other.
We were both thinking the same thing.

“Lobelia Tutu and Shane Shivers should have the skates so they can learn the ‘Flight of the Gouda’!” I said.

Lobelia hugged me. “Thank you both,” she said. “Shane and I will **STUDY** this move,





and once we understand its **SECRETS**, we will teach it to our students! We'll do it, *I swear on my tail!*"

"You are so sweet, Gerrykins," Creepella said, and she gave me a peck on the **CHEEK**, in front of everyone!

The reporters went wild.

"Are you two a **COUPLE** off the ice?"

"Is the rumor **true** that you're getting married?"

"We're just very good f-f-friends," I stuttered nervously.

Creepella's eyes **twinkled**. "That is between us," she told the reporters. "But if we do decide to get married, you will be the **first** to know!"



THE TRUE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS

One week later, **CHRISTMAS EVE** arrived. When I finished decorating the tree, I put two packages underneath, one for Trappy and one for Benjamin. Dear rodent friends, do you know what **gifts** I chose for them?

AH. YOU WILL FIND OUT SOON!

For now, I will tell you that I prepared a **SURPRISE** for them, and I couldn't wait until they opened their presents!

For me the spirit of Christmas is about giving. You don't have to give a present; just telling a special person "**I love you!**" can be the nicest gift of all.

On Christmas morning, I woke up very



Done!



early to cook a **Christmas feast** for my friends and family. I made macaroni and cheese, cheese rolls, cheese and crackers, cheese soufflé, cheesy potatoes, and a cheesecake for dessert!

At noon the doorbell rang, and soon my house was filled with **HAPPY** rodents celebrating Christmas!

Finally, the moment arrived to give Benjamin and Trappy their gifts: a pair of





ice skates for each of them!

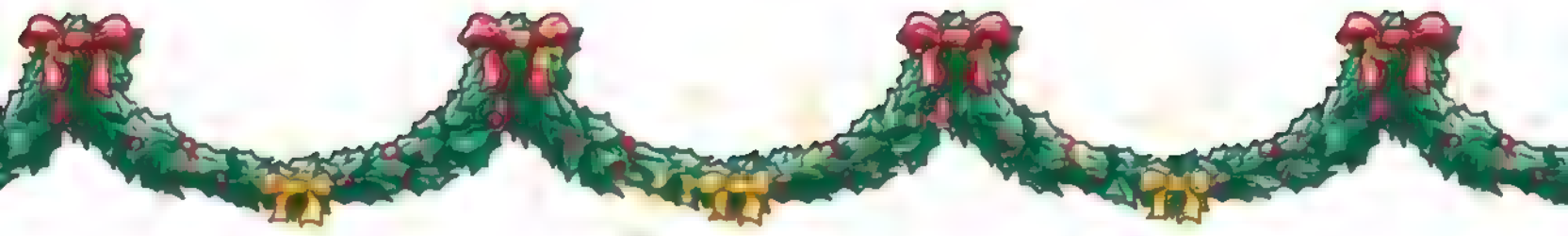
They both hugged me. “Thank you, Uncle G! **What a great gift!**” Benjamin said.

“Now open the **GIFT** we all chose for you,” Trappy said eagerly.

I opened it and smiled. They had given me a pair of **YELLOW SKATES** the color of **CHEESE**, with my name stitched on them.

I read the tag attached to them: *To Geronimo, who is no longer a mozzarella and has become a real champion! With affection, from all your friends.*





After our feast, we all went to the park to **ice skate**. This time, I was **EAGER** to get on the ice!

I spent Christmas Day surrounded by my family and friends. As I skated around the pond, I realized that the best gift I had received that year was the gift of friendship. **Friendship** is the most precious treasure, more precious than even the Silver Skates: because with my friends near me, anything is possible!

I swear on my tail!
The Word of Stilton,
Geronimo Stilton!



What a beautiful Christmas!

Merry Christmas!



**Be sure to
read all my
fabumouse
adventures!**



**#1 Lost Treasure of
the Emerald Eye**



**#2 The Curse of the
Cheese Pyramid**



**#3 Cat and Mouse in a
Haunted House**



**#4 I'm Too Fond of
My Fur!**



**#5 Four Mice Deep in
the Jungle**



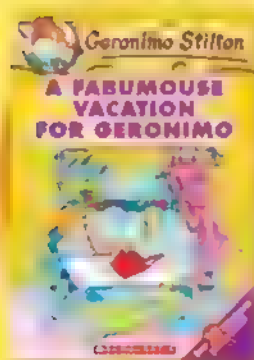
**#6 Paws Off,
Cheddarface!**



**#7 Red Pizzas for a
Blue Count**



**#8 Attack of the
Bandit Cats**



**#9 A Fabumouse
Vacation for Geronimo**



**#10 All Because of a
Cup of Coffee**



**#11 It's Halloween,
You 'Fraidy Mouse!**



**#12 Merry Christmas,
Geronimo!**



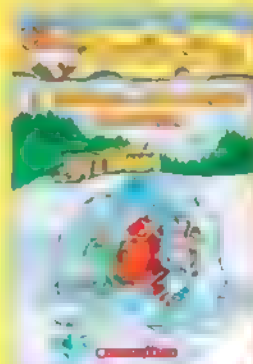
**#13 The Phantom of
the Subway**



**#14 The Temple of the
Ruby of Fire**



**#15 The Mona Mousa
Code**



**#16 A Cheese-Colored
Camper**



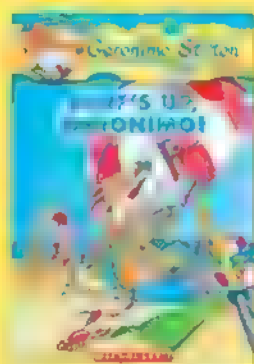
**#17 Watch Your
Whiskers, Stilton!**



**#18 Shipwreck on the
Pirate Islands**



**#19 My Name Is Stilton,
Geronimo Stilton**



**#20 Surf's Up,
Geronimo!**



**#21 The Wild, Wild
West**



**#22 The Secret
of Cacklefur Castle**



A Christmas Tale



#23 Valentine's Day Disaster



#24 Field Trip to Niagara Falls



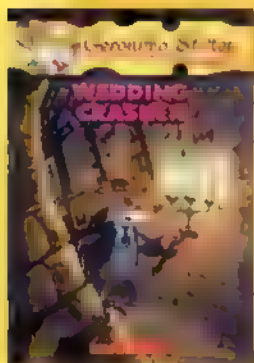
#25 The Search for Sunken Treasure



#26 The Mummy with No Name



#27 The Christmas Toy Factory



#28 Wedding Crasher



#29 Down and Out Down Under



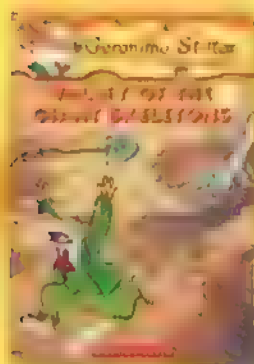
#30 The Mouse Island Marathon



#31 The Mysterious Cheese Thief



Christmas Catastrophe



#32 Valley of the Giant Skeletons



#33 Geronimo and the Gold Medal Mystery



#34 Geronimo Stilton, Secret Agent



#35 A Very Merry Christmas



#36 Geronimo's Valentine



#37 The Race Across America



#38 A Fabumouse School Adventure



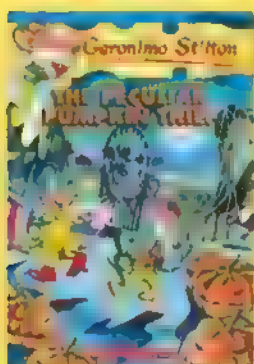
#39 Singing Sensation



#40 The Karate Mouse



#41 Mighty Mount Kilimanjaro



#42 The Peculiar Pumpkin Thief



#43 I'm Not a Supermouse!



#44 The Giant Diamond Robbery



#45 Save the White Whale!



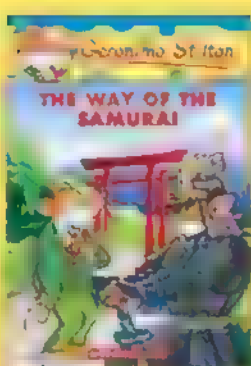
#46 The Haunted Castle



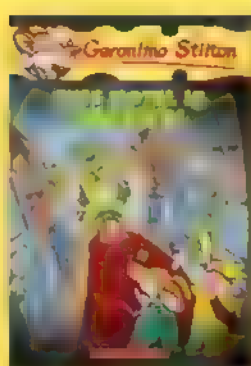
#47 Run for the Hills, Geronimo!



#48 The Mystery in Venice



#49 The Way of the Samurai



#50 This Hotel Is Haunted!



#51 The Enormous Pearl Heist



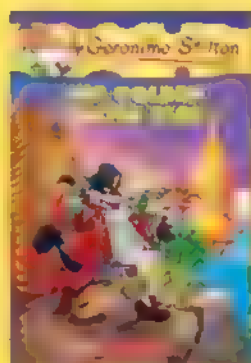
#52 Mouse in Space!



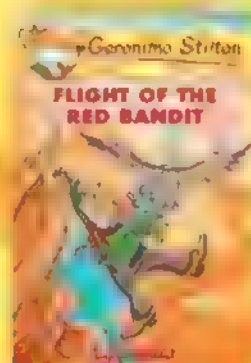
#53 Rumble in the Jungle



#54 Get into Gear, Stilton!



#55 The Golden Statue Plot



#56 Flight of the Red Bandit



#57 The Stinky Cheese Vacation



#58 The Super Chef Contest



#59 Welcome to Moldy Manor



#60 The Treasure of Easter Island



#61 Mouse House Hunter



#62 Mouse Overboard!



#63 The Cheese Experiment



#64 Magical Mission



#65 Bollywood Burglary



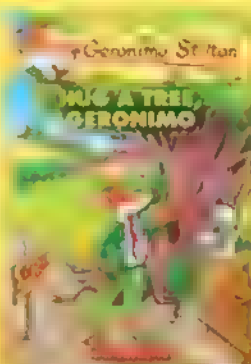
#66 Operation: Secret Recipe



#67 The Chocolate Chase



#68 Cyber-Thief Showdown



#69 Hug a Tree, Geronimo



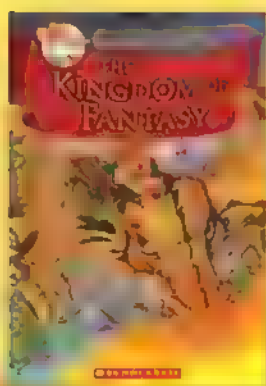
#70 The Phantom Bandit



#71 Geronimo on Ice!



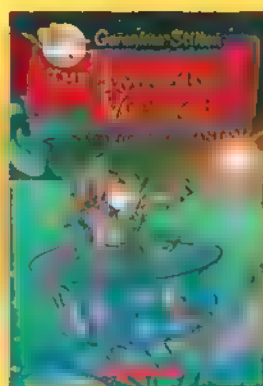
Don't miss
any of my
adventures in
the Kingdom of
Fantasy!



**THE KINGDOM
OF FANTASY**



**THE QUEST FOR
PARADISE:
THE RETURN TO THE
KINGDOM OF FANTASY**



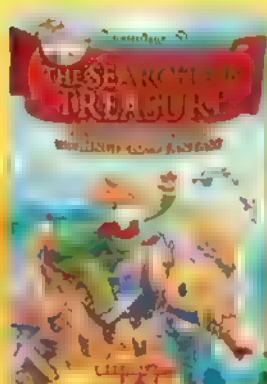
**THE AMAZING
VOYAGE:
THE THIRD ADVENTURE
IN THE KINGDOM
OF FANTASY**



**THE DRAGON
PROPHECY:
THE FOURTH ADVENTURE
IN THE KINGDOM
OF FANTASY**



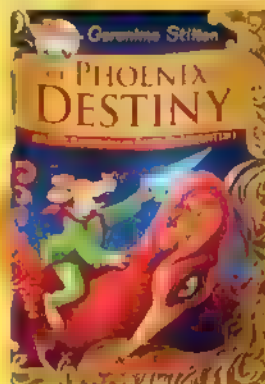
**THE VOLCANO
OF FIRE:
THE FIFTH ADVENTURE
IN THE KINGDOM
OF FANTASY**



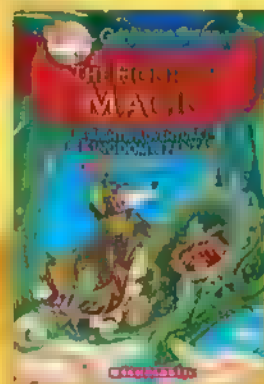
**THE SEARCH
FOR TREASURE:
THE SIXTH ADVENTURE
IN THE KINGDOM
OF FANTASY**



**THE ENCHANTED
CHARMS:
THE SEVENTH ADVENTURE
IN THE KINGDOM
OF FANTASY**



**THE PHOENIX
DESTINY:
AN EPIC KINGDOM OF
FANTASY ADVENTURE**



**THE HOUR OF
MAGIC:
THE EIGHTH ADVENTURE
IN THE KINGDOM
OF FANTASY**



**THE WIZARD'S
WAND:
THE NINTH ADVENTURE
IN THE KINGDOM
OF FANTASY**



**THE SHIP OF
SECRETS:
THE TENTH ADVENTURE
IN THE KINGDOM
OF FANTASY**



**THE DRAGON
OF FORTUNE:
AN EPIC KINGDOM OF
FANTASY ADVENTURE**



**THE GUARDIAN
OF THE REALM:
THE ELEVENTH ADVENTURE
IN THE KINGDOM
OF FANTASY**

ABOUT THE AUTHOR



Born in New Mouse City, Mouse Island, **GERONIMO STILTON** is Rattus Emeritus of Mousomorphic Literature and of Neo-Ratonic Comparative Philosophy. For the past twenty years, he has been running *The Rodent's Gazette*, New Mouse City's most widely read daily newspaper.

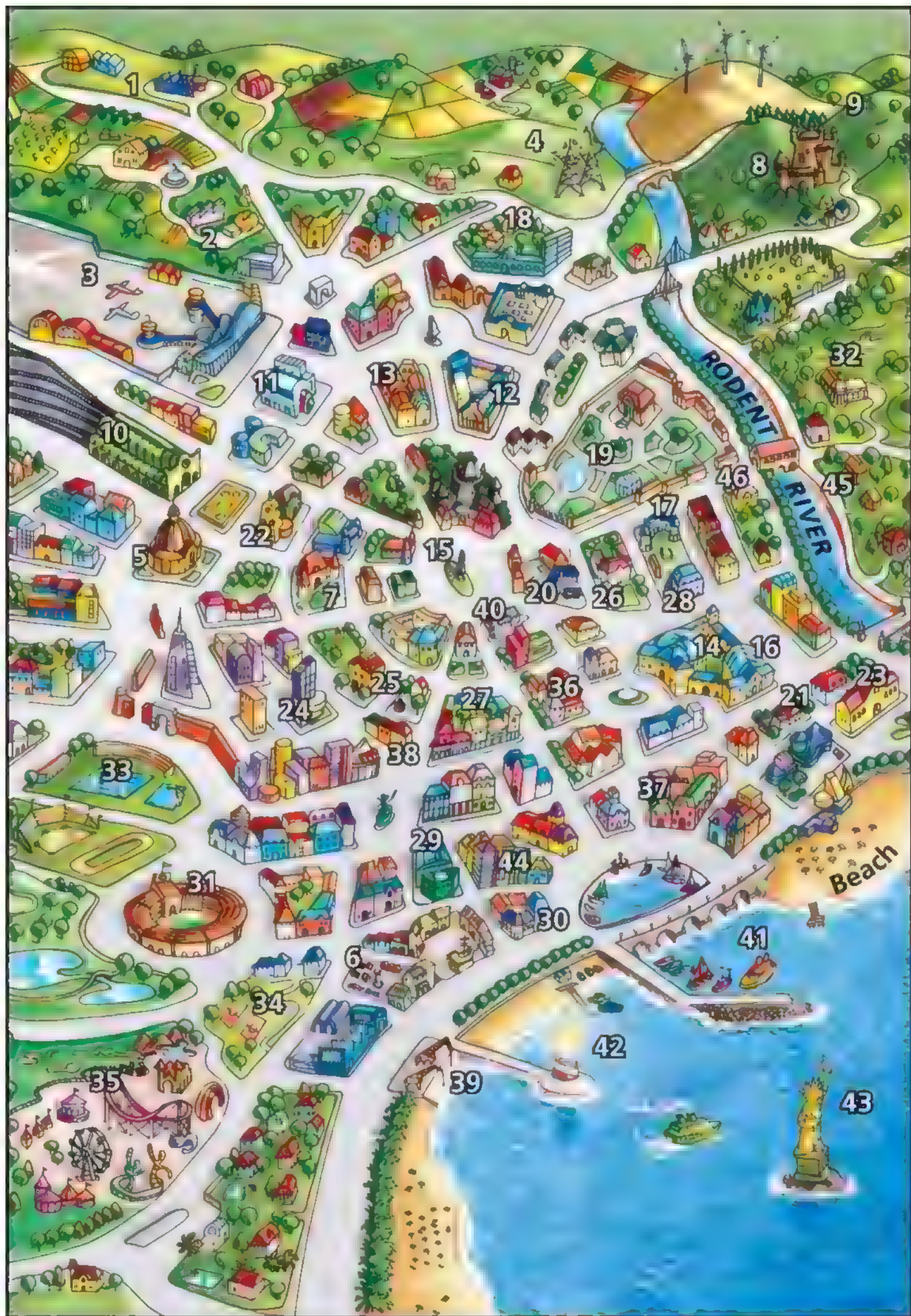
Stilton was awarded the Ratitzer Prize for his scoops on *The Curse of the Cheese Pyramid* and *The Search for Sunken Treasure*. He has also received the Andersen 2000 Prize for Personality of the Year. One of his bestsellers won the 2002 eBook Award for world's best ratlings' electronic book. His works have been published all over the globe.

In his spare time, Mr. Stilton collects antique cheese rinds and plays golf. But what he most enjoys is telling stories to his nephew Benjamin.



1. Main entrance
2. Printing presses (where the books and newspaper are printed)
3. Accounts department
4. Editorial room (where the editors, illustrators, and designers work)
5. Geronimo Stilton's office
6. Helicopter landing pad

*THE RODENT'S
GAZETTE*



Map of New Mouse City

- | | |
|--|-------------------------------------|
| 1. Industrial Zone | 24. <i>The Daily Rat</i> |
| 2. Cheese Factories | 25. <i>The Rodent's Gazette</i> |
| 3. Angorat International Airport | 26. Trap's House |
| 4. WRAT Radio and Television Station | 27. Fashion District |
| 5. Cheese Market | 28. The Mouse House Restaurant |
| 6. Fish Market | 29. Environmental Protection Center |
| 7. Town Hall | 30. Harbor Office |
| 8. Snotnose Castle | 31. Mousidon Square Garden |
| 9. The Seven Hills of Mouse Island | 32. Golf Course |
| 10. Mouse Central Station | 33. Swimming Pool |
| 11. Trade Center | 34. Tennis Courts |
| 12. Movie Theater | 35. Curlyfur Island Amusement Park |
| 13. Gym | 36. Geronimo's House |
| 14. Catnegie Hall | 37. Historic District |
| 15. Singing Stone Plaza | 38. Public Library |
| 16. The Gouda Theater | 39. Shipyard |
| 17. Grand Hotel | 40. Thea's House |
| 18. Mouse General Hospital | 41. New Mouse Harbor |
| 19. Botanical Gardens | 42. Luna Lighthouse |
| 20. Cheap Junk for Less (Trap's store) | 43. The Statue of Liberty |
| 21. Aunt Sweetfur and Benjamin's House | 44. Hercule Poirat's Office |
| 22. Mouseum of Modern Art | 45. Petunia Pretty Paws's House |
| 23. University and Library | 46. Grandfather William's House |

Brigand's Isle

This way to the Rodent Straits



Tomcat Island



Pirate Ship
of Cats



Hamster Islands

Coral Reefs

This way
to the Mousific
Ocean



Stray
Cat
Harbor

San Mouscisco

Blue Dolphin
Bay

Cat's
Claw
Bay

Panther
Archipelago

Swissville

Cheddarton

Mouseport

This way
to the
Ratlantic Ocean



New Mouse City

Mousefort Beach

Furflung Island

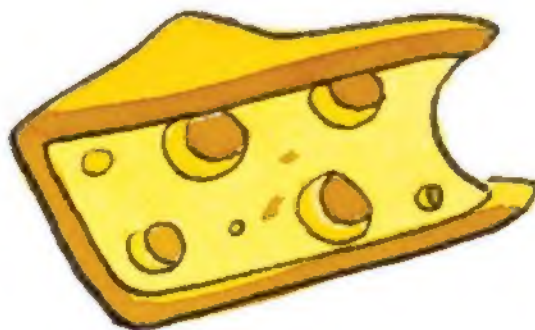


This way to the Sea of Mice



Map of Mouse Island

- | | |
|---------------------------|---------------------------------|
| 1. Big Ice Lake | 21. Lake Lakelake |
| 2. Frozen Fur Peak | 22. Lake Lakelakelake |
| 3. Slipperyslopes Glacier | 23. Cheddar Crag |
| 4. Coldcreeps Peak | 24. Cannycat Castle |
| 5. Ratzikistan | 25. Valley of the Giant Sequoia |
| 6. Transratania | 26. Cheddar Springs |
| 7. Mount Vamp | 27. Sulfurous Swamp |
| 8. Roastedrat Volcano | 28. Old Reliable Geyser |
| 9. Brimstone Lake | 29. Vole Vale |
| 10. Poopedcat Pass | 30. Ravingrat Ravine |
| 11. Stinko Peak | 31. Gnat Marshes |
| 12. Dark Forest | 32. Munster Highlands |
| 13. Vain Vampires Valley | 33. Mousehara Desert |
| 14. Goose Bumps Gorge | 34. Oasis of the Sweaty Camel |
| 15. The Shadow Line Pass | 35. Cabbagehead Hill |
| 16. Penny Pincher Castle | 36. Rattytrap Jungle |
| 17. Nature Reserve Park | 37. Rio Mosquito |
| 18. Las Ratayas Marinas | |
| 19. Fossil Forest | |
| 20. Lake Lake | |



Dear mouse friends,
Thanks for reading, and farewell
till the next book.
It'll be another whisker-licking-good
adventure, and that's a promise!



Geronimo Stilton



WHO IS GERONIMO STILTON?

That's me! I run a newspaper, but my true passion is writing **ADVENTURE** stories. Here in New Mouse City, the capital of Mouse Island, my books are all bestsellers! My stories are **funny**, fa-mouse-ly funny. They are whisker-licking-good tales, and **THAT'S A PROMISE!**

GERONIMO ON ICE!

Mouse Island was getting ready for the Ice Skating Championships! The prize was a pair of antique silver skates that contained clues to a hidden treasure. But someone was trying to steal them! Would I be able to learn enough tricks on the ice to save the Silver Skates?

 SCHOLASTIC

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scholastic.com/readinglevel